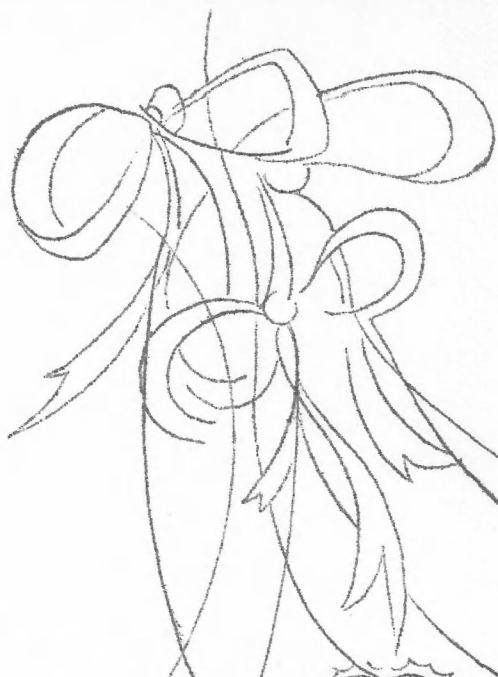


PINECONE

A Moments Pause

Up through the wan loom of shale grey
Light, seeping shadowless as fright
From the ebb of the grip of night,

The first few saffron shafts of day
Rise out of high lace tamarack
Tops, frozen tinder dry and black,

To splay, then fuse the dawn molten
Cinnamon and fine leaf the snow cold,
Fleece soft, ice tight earth with gold:

Beyond the horizon line, gone
Dire red, limned like a jagged pyre
Against the fast spread of a fire

Storm raging out of sight, a vast
And glad aurora soars and sweeps
The teal sky wall to color heaps

All but this land, frost ridden past
The last lost factless joy but pride,
Would hesitate to brush aside:

Up to the lip of the flat white,
Tree dark, stark right world comes the sun
To confront the dead abstraction,

Curled flaming on itself, a bright
Birchbark whorl burning out an endless
Life untended, furious its

Unlikely splendor can waken
Warmth and delight in but a few
Shivering unchangers of the true

Like chickadees and small children,
It lifts, pretending pink disdain,
Gathering up its faded train

Of hard chilled, half broken light,
Like soiled and sad pale precious toys,
Rejected and exposed as joys

Too frivolous to meet the plight
Of earth in old fearful traction,
Or transcend a need's cold deception.

NEWS AND NOTES

Congratulations to Doris (Forgash) Adelstein who is expecting a baby (girl) this Spring.....nice to see just about everyone from the New York area at the reunion at the Essex House for an enthusiastic, lots-of-fun get together; also present were Patty Salk from Providence, and Bobbie Hendin, Marla Sherman and Marcia Roseman from Balt. who stayed overnight at the hotel to attend the next day; and Ellen Miller from Providence who stayed with Debbie Holtzman; Carol Horn and Joan Piven from Baltimore; Evy Blum from Manchester, Mimi Katz, Andy Staples and Judy Smith from Boston; Margie Nathanson, Joan Singer and Joan Myer and many alumnae... ..in spite of what seems to be an annual snowstorm the day of the Boston reunion, most New Englanders attended, and had a fine afternoon together at the Somerset Hotel.....Congratulations to Judy (Rubin) Ullman on the birth of a baby boy in Boston in January..... Xmas vacation was a time for many visits and exchanges of notes and greetings; everyone seemed to enjoy the camp card and it was nice to hear from Angie (Greene) Decelle from San Francisco, Sylvia (Kaye) Bohrer who is back in Boston, Bette (Owen) Wooten who is living in Chicago now, Al (Rodrigues) Nash from Seattle, and to receive such nice cards from Betty Ann Silverman, Madeline Klein, Joddy Mann, Marcy Rothman, Ginny and Kathy Sloss, Sue and Connie Elbaum, Heidi Mover, Ann Johnson, Malva and Marea Gordett, Ken Carter who is living in Amherst, Mass, Merry Larson, Denny Helman who is now learning the guitar, Adele Rustino, and many others.....Nora Kaplan enjoyed her visit with Patty Salk over the Holidays; Pat and Joan Sapinsley were skiing in North Conway, as were Marea and Malva Gordett; Jane Dretzin, Mimi Katz, Betty Howlett and Barbara Intriligator visited with Jean Henning in North Conway, as did Margie Kaitz, Ellen Gordon and Evy Blum (Jean just moved, not to escape, but because the boiler blew up, she says!).. ..Congratulations to Judy (Mandelstam) Ravreby on the birth of a baby girl, Donna, on Dec. 13.....

Joanne Weeks writes that she is really enjoying her year at the Univ. of Maine, she and Marcia Fuller are in the same sorority.....also good to hear from Jill Meyer in Miami; Betty Webber who is continuing her art study in Boston this winter; Barbara Stone at Conn. College for Women; Nellie Pekrul who is teaching at the Pittsfield, Mass. Hospital School of Nursing; and from Lisa Palitz, Joan Miller, Doren Arden, Connie Wise, Candy and Leslie Kagan, Jane Bloom and Deedee Strauss.....Congratulations to Natalie Ogan who is to be married to Arnold Sulloway in Sept.....Frank especially enjoyed his trip to New York and Balt. this fall; talking with just about everyone from camp; visiting with Deanne Lemle, Jill and Nancy Steinhardt, Sue Miller, Ruth, Debbie and Laurie Holtzman, Diana Wahl; having lunch at Marcy Rothman's; tea with Sue and Lisa Palitz; and dinner at the homes of Amy Hobish, Jane and Patty Olian, Alice Himmelstein, Debbie Katz, Lynn Sonfield, Deedee Strauss, and Niki Glen (he gained 10 pounds in 2 weeks!).....Jean Henning and Sue Rothkopf hiked across the frozen lake to camp last week..... getting together at Judy Smith and Mimi Katz's apartment in Boston just before New Years were Gail Peters, Joan Myer, Helaine Levi, Margie Nathanson, Barbara Stone, Joan Singer, Barbara I.. ..Aunt Jan and Uncle Bern are enjoying a few weeks in Palm Beach with friends and relatives..... Jane Bloom plans a Feb. skiing vacation at Stowe; Sue Miller will be going to North Conway; as will Judy Smith, Andy Staples and Mimi Katz (if they can find Jean)... ..Betsy Rubin was skiing in N.H. last weekend.....and an 'A' for Margie K. for congeniality!.....nice to hear from Sally Merrill who is doing graduate work at Indiana Univ; and from Devy Cohen at the Univ. of Maryland; and Linda (Cohen) Roemer who is in publishing in Boston.....among many other notes received were ones from Nan Segerman, Liz King, Paula Asinof, Laurie Glenott, Sheri Barkan, Connie Elbaum, Sue Sacks.

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H E R E ' S T O 1 9 6 2

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T O : The many who are returning for their 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th
==== 8th and even 9th summers !!! Again this year, nearly 90% of those
girls eligible to return, will be back at Trebor for 1962 !! Though
we are sorry we have had to disappoint some very fine friends and
relatives of yours, it is you who know camp so well, who bring with
you each summer that most important feeling for others, the high
standards and values and spirit, who have made Trebor a very special
place for over 25 years!

T O : Diana Wahl, from Baltimore; Dorie Ross, from Harrison; and Deanne
==== Lemle from New York, who missed 1961, but will be back again this year!

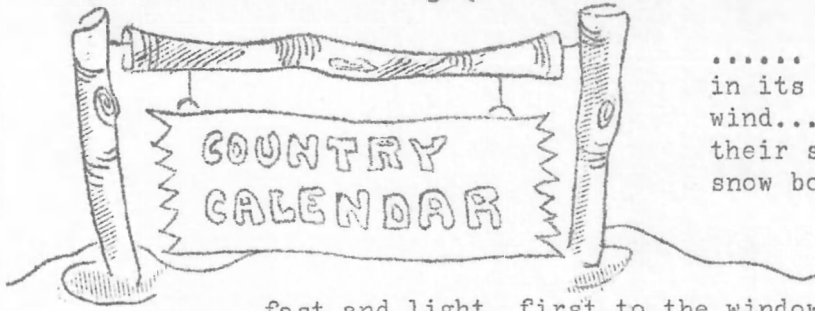
T O : Leslie Kagan, from Bangor, who is Candy's sister.
==== Trudy Small, from Cedarhurst, who is Jane's sister.
Meg Strauss, from Scarsdale, who is Deedee's sister.
Ellen Meyer, from Miami, who is Jill's sister.

T O : Some special people who will be at Trebor for the 1st time:
==== Debby Lebow, from Brookline, whose Mother (Stella Lipson) is a
former Trebor counselor.
Carol Brindis, from Haverhill, whose Mother (Phyllis Baer) is a
former Trebor camper.
Diane Feffer, from Newton, whose Mother (Janice Levin) is a former
Trebor camper.
Leslie Ogan, from Marblehead, whose Mother (Judy Goldberg) is a
former Trebor camper.
There are now 11 girls in camp who are 2nd generation campers!

T O : Some very special people who, in the tradition of Trebor, will be
==== given our warmest welcome! New Campers give us all the opportunity to
make new friends, to help others to understand and enjoy the fine
things which we have come to know and appreciate at camp. If you
live near, go to school with, or have met any of these girls at the
reunions, we hope you will 'say hi' and make them feel welcome and
at home, even before they join us at camp in July:
Sue Neisloss, from Oyster Bay, L.I. Lynn Jacobs, from Stamford, Conn.
Nancy Zametkin, from Providence Pam Emmer, from Miami, Florida
Patty Novack, from Miami, Florida Al ison Danis, from Waban, Mass.
Joan Silverman, from Newton, Mass. Ann Shyavitz, from Haverhill, Mass.
Nancy Fine, from Providence, R.I. Sue Osher, from Portland, Maine
Debby Jacobson, from Scarsdale, N.Y. Ilene Danis, from Newburyport, Mass.
Karen & Nancy Wolozin, from Brockton Merry Weiss, from Brockton, Mass.

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..... black tree trunks stand, each in its own snow bowl carved by the wind..... camp buildings, up to their sill in rising drifts, grow snow bonnets of tilted powder puffs..

.....fast and light, first to the window feeder, the chickadee sprays birdseed left and right, before you even shut the pane, next and neater, nuthatchers drive him to a pine nearby while they eat daintily, upside down, one eye cocked for the bluejay that is checking everything twice, before he pushes his way in to gulp then run from the downy woodpecker, who seems to come with such a headache or indigestion from rapping frozen trees, he rarely gets a nervous bite to eat, before he's flapped in fright by the chickadee who skirts his beak, and starts the game again.....

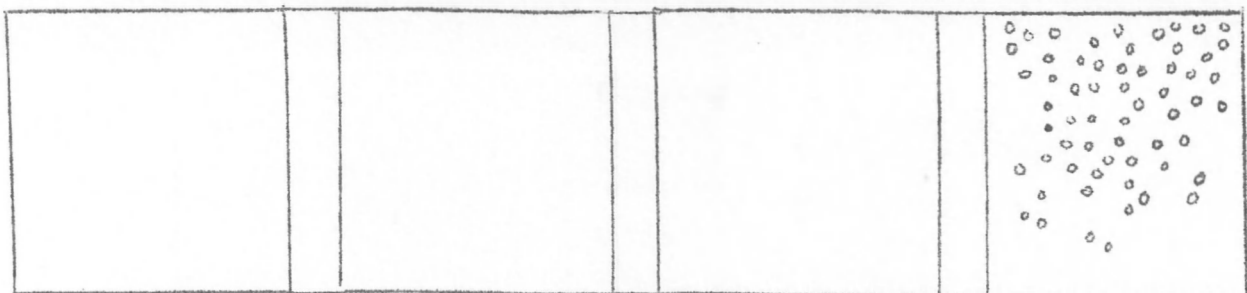
.....perhaps you know, this time of year up north, it can get too cold to snow; and when zero temperatures and below, hold the air so still and clear, to breathe it is to taste pure icy mountain brook water, we wait for snow storms for warmth! it packs the house in cotton to keep the worst drafts out, blankets earth and tree roots and seeds and tiny animal burrows to stop the freezing frost that can strike ice down into bare ground 6 or 7 feet.....

.....but I was going to say, before the way of kindly snow carried the thought away; on the coldest, bright clear mornings, into the rays of the sun as they slant across the lake, dancing diamond-like and so tiny you can only see the glitter, not the flake, a soft magic shower of frost crystals fall through the light, slowly swirl then glint, then disappear from sight.....

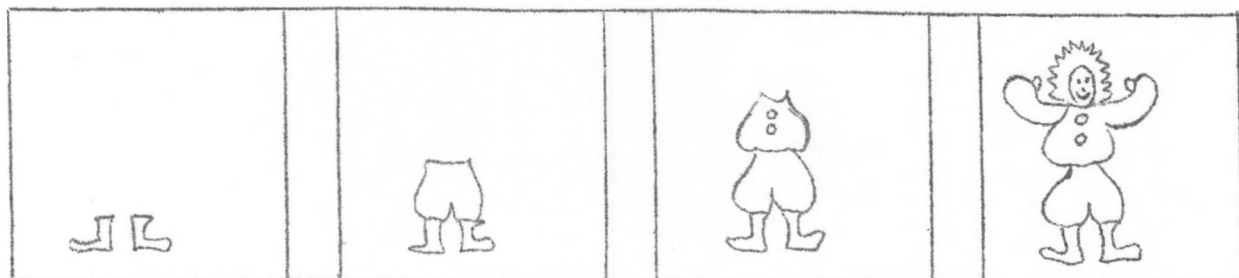
.....a winter rain storm, though, is another thing; thundering on the roof at night, freezing as it falls, building stone heavy coats of ice that snap great branches, part power lines like threads, and drums on snow soon crusted hard, and glazes all so mirror smooth you have to crawl on hands and knees to move.....

.....just for a day or two, it thawed in January (they say it always does), it was nearly 35 degrees or night, when our neighbors, Fats and I think its Spats Raccoon, woke and came calling at the trash barrel to ask noisily why, if its spring, there isn't anything being provided to eat! bad Maine Republicans we thought, gave them aspirin, sent them back to sleep.....

.....each house, each farm, by distance spread, each shedding a pool of soft window light, is more a life unto itself on mid-winter country nights; perhaps better read, more left quietly unsaid, perhaps warmer, brighter, better fed and tended by hands with time to care; and perhaps not....but at least aware of what is there, or lacking.....

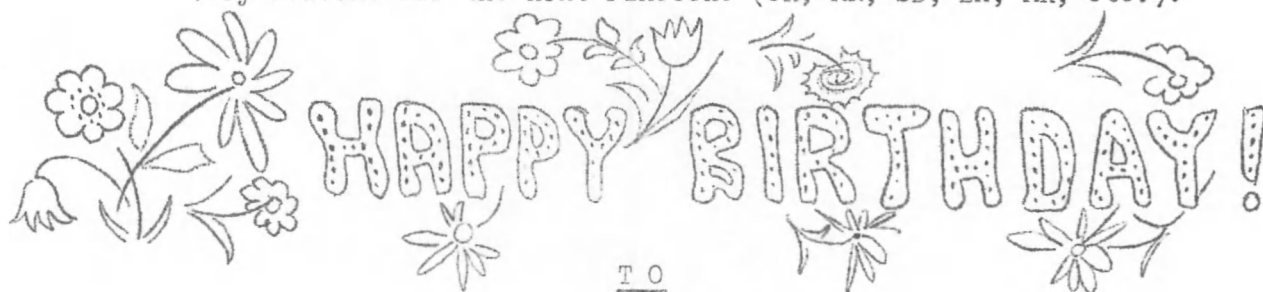


Girl.....in a.....white snowsuit.....its snowing!



Girl.....in awhite snowsuit.....its stopping!

A card or a note sent to camp friends on their birthday is a nice way to keep in touch with them over the winter. If you need addresses, just write to Frank in Maine, and he will be glad to send them along to you - and while you are writing, articles, drawings, poems and news are all very welcome for the next Pinecone (OK; MR, SB, LA, AK, etc.).



T O

Jan.		Feb.		March		April	
Malva Gordett	2	Barbara Siegel	6	Paula Asinof	3	Marea Gordett	5
Connie Elbaum	7	Sue Sacks	9	Karen Wlozin	4	Joan Miller	10
Nancy Cahan	9	Deanne Lemle	12	Laura Miller	8	Ann Shyavitz	15
Trudy Small	11	Candy Kegan	15	Ellen Gordon	11	Jessica Wolfe	17
Kathy Sloss	15	AliceHinslstein	17	Ella Zimmerman	11	Laurie Glenott	17
Margie Kaitz	15	Betty Silverman	21	Nancy Steinhardt	13	Debby Jacobson	19
Diane Feffer	21	Debby Rubin	23	Joan Sapinsley	15	Meg Strauss	19
Debby Lebow	23	Nancy Salk	25	Peggy Deitz	17	Marcy Rothman	22
Sue Brindis	26	Jane Brindis	24	Pam Emmer	30	Sue Rothkopf	24
Liz King	30					Sheri Barkan	28

NEW ADDRESSES

Marcia Alexander	Jane & Pat Olian	Judy Smith	Evy Blum
11 East 86th St.	Shepherds Lane	82 Bay State Rd.	1080 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.	Sands Point, L.I., NY.	Boston, Mass.	New York, N. Y.
Niki Glen	Marla Sherman	Amy Zelermyer	Mimi Katz
130 Brook Hollow Lane	2215 Cross Country	235 Gerry Rd.	82 Bay State Rd.
Stamford, Conn.	Baltimore, Md.	Chestnut Hill, Mass.	Boston

A Joyous Season

by

Jane Frohock

Winter's rest is at hand
Nature's creatures huddle under
her protective blanket-
A snow white purity shielding
tiny life from natural
onslaught.

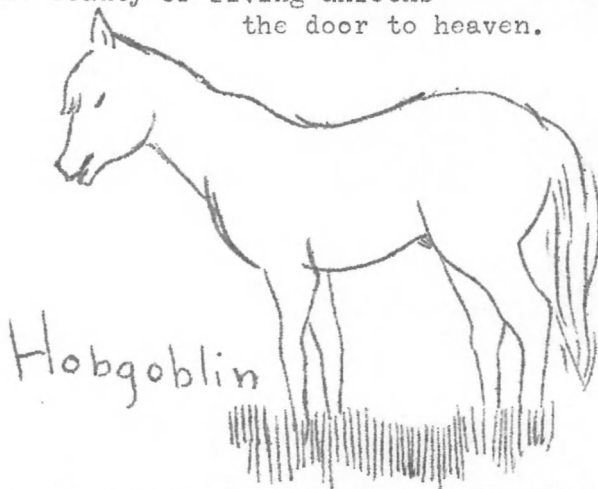
So too must man protect himself
from winter's blast-
Protect those treasured thoughts and joys
From the conquest of the temporal world -
The city enclosing each mortal in his
little life
And spinning a web of fear about those
precious moments of
freedom...

Freedom to live and to hear
each heart
Beat with the joy of discovering the
art of living.

Yes it is a joyous season -
A time to sing, a time to rejoice
A time to love and a time to share
A time to remember, and a time to
pray-

A time to thank God that the door
has been opened
To the secrets of life.
Never to fade.....and never to die....
Awake! - Nature's beauty calls
vagabond hearts to her
bosom.

Listen..... hear..... and welcome her
into your heart!
The beauty of living unlocks
the door to heaven.



W I N T E R

T H O U G H T S

The Discovery of One

by

Doren Arden

Sharp and piercing
was the angry gust of wind.
Black and dull were my spirits.
Spent, felt I, and cold.

And yet, I kept walking
to find what - I know not.
I kept walking and dreaming
Of memories, so old.

"Oh! Those were the days
ever golden and cheerful.
How much would I give
to be back in their fold-"

Of a sudden, not looking,
I bumped into a tree,
a tree upon which
hung but one leaf, and bold.

There in awe, long I stood
hardly grasping the meaning,
the reason, the purpose,
the story it told.

Then I realized.
Enraptured, my spirits regained.
I saw that leaf, though attached
to the past
had no time to be thinking
of things done and gone.
It grows now, at the present,
the best time to be.
In the warmth of discovery
I no longer felt cold.

BY CANDY KAGAN